## THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH.

PITTSBURG, SATURDAY, APRIL

TNOW FIRST PUBLISHED.

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THE ROMANCE OF AN INSURANCE OFFICE BEING PASSAGES IN THE EXPERIENCE OF MR. AUGUSTUS WILLIAM WEB BER, Formerly General Manager of the Universal Insurance Company.

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sciously or unconsciously, to instill into his mind the suspicion that some disgrace attached to his father's name, though of what nature he could not divine; that there was some dark episode in his father's life that had brought suffering and penalty, and which he, the son, must learn from his father's own lips in order to forgive him. From that time he manifested no disposition to unlock the family curboard and gaze on

From that time he manifested no disposition to unlock the family cupboard and gaze on the grisly skeleton that he believed it contained. This dread of laying bare the secret it his mother's life, which she had so jealously guarded, had been the main inspiration of the reverent feeling that had held him back from examining the voluminous papers that she had left behind.

He was a little hart to find that a stranger

ous papers that she had left behind.

He was a little hurt to find that a stranger—Mr. Webber—knew more of his parentage then his mother had thought proper to reveal to himself. He found himself at a loss to imagine the reason for her reserve. If the facts were as stated by Mr. Webber, what disgrace could attach to his father's name? An eminent French specialist, mixed up with the troubles of the stormy period of revolution, imprisoned, or proscribed and compelled to fly without opportunity to communicate with his wife—what was there in this to make his mother shrink from breaking through the silence she had imposed on herself?

this old friend could be, and now he hap-pened to turn up just then, he left her to take him more fully into her confidence when she felt inclined to be more communi-cative. He had learned to trust her most

implicity, as was natural, seeing that he was all that was left to her whereon to lavish her affection.

"Who was the stranger?" he still found

himself repeatedly asking. That it was someone who had known his father, seemed to follow from his mother's remark, that she

had come and gone so mysteriously, whom he had never chanced to meet, whose name

his mother had not disclosed, was some former colleague or fellow student of his father. In that case the Unknown was

probably aware of the secret that hung over his father's fate. What more natural? It

would explain his mother's reticence, too.
With this supposition in his mind, the importance of making some effort to track this stranger, began to be evident, unless he was content to let the mystery of his parentage

Then it suddenly flashed across him that

it. She knew that he was a doctor. Why Because on the first day he called Madame

had asked her to find a trustworthy person

to carry a note for her. "It so happened," said the girl, "that one of them commis

There was something of sinister meaning in all this; of that Philippe felt assured. For what purpose had this stranger's iden-tity been concealed with so much care?

Philippe grew so restless and disturbed with the wild fancies and dark suspicions that alternately took possession of him, that he decided to ask for a few days' leave of ab-

sence till his doubts were hid to rest, one way or the other. He felt unfit for his work, and explained to Mr. Webber the state of mind into which this revelstion in conjunc-

tion with other matters had thrown him.

"You see, sir," he said, "I have learnt more of my family history than I knew before. I was not aware that my father was a doctor, or that he had been involved in

political troubles, nor that my mother came to England seeking him."

"You think, then," said Mr. Webber, "that there is some family mystery that has been

kept back from you?"
"I do indeed," Philippe replied sadly.
And then he proceeded to inform Mr. Webber of the few facts he knew concerning the

Philippe assented, and Mr. Webber,

remain unsolved.

Doctor Jaquet's Secret.

Madame Jaquet had died painlessly in her sleep. Such was the verdict given an hour later

by her medical attendant, Dr. Crosby. The opinion was borne out by the expression of perfect calm that rested on her pure and beautiful face, which, in it sculptured, marble stillness, lay on her pillow like the fair image of some saint.

There was no actual disease in Madame's case, Dr. Crosby proceeded to explain, except debility. Her constitution had probably been impaired by wearing anxieties, or secret sorrow of some kind, leaving the action of the heart excessively weak. The fact that she had fallen asleep late in the afternoon was significant of exhaustion. Cases of syncope transpiring during sleep were by no means rare, especially in persons so enfeebled as Madame Jaquet. He saw no reason for withholding a medical certificate. He avowed his desire to con-

certificate. He avowed his desire to conduct a post mortem examination, but when Philippe learned that the result expected by Dr. Crosby would be simply to confirm his foregone conclusions, he refused to allow his mother's remains to be interfered with.

Strangely enough, the visits paid to Madame Jaquet by the mysterious stranger did not occur to Philippe's mind in the early days of his grief. Least of all did the notion present itself that the stranger's visits might be connected in some way with his might be connected in some way with his mother's sudden death. He was so overwhelmed with the great calamity that had befallen him, so utterly desolate in the bitter consciousness that he was alone in the world, that the powers of an active and shrewd mind were as though they had been suddenly numbed and depressed by a paralytic stroke.

From this state of mental inertia he was aroused by Mr. Webber, his chief at the Universal where he was employed. After kindly sympathizing with the young man in his heavy loss, Mr. Webber inquired what steps he had taken to prove his mother's will, and offered to render him every service that law in his power.

"An old friend whom I knew in Paris, many years ago, called to see me this afternoon," she explained. "His visit has done-me much good. He is a physician, staying in England for the present, and thoroughly approves of Dr. Crosby's treatment. I hope to present him to you some day before he returns to Paris." And there the explanation ended. When he asked his mother the name of her visitor she appeared not to have heard, or to prefer to pass by his question in silence, and he had neglected to press her further. Philippe had grown so accustomed to his mother's habitual reticence, that though they had been the bit-left to see me this afternoon." she explained. "His visit has done-me much gloud. He is a physician, staying in England for the present, and thoroughly approves of Dr. Crosby's treatment. I hope to present him to you some day before he returns to Paris." And there the explanation ended. When he asked his mother the name of her visitor she appeared not to have heard, or to prefer to pass by his question in silence, and he had neglected to press her further. Philippe had grown so accustomed to his mother's habitual reticence, that though he wond returns to Paris." might be connected in some way with his mother's sudden death. He was so over-

kindly sympathizing with the young man in his heavy loss, Mr. Webber inquired what steps he had taken to prove his mother's will, and offered to render him "I do not think my poor mother made any will," said Philippe, after thanking Mr. Webber for his condolences.

"Have you examined her papers?" Mr. "There is a cabinet full of papers—letters, old diaries, and so on," said Philippe, "but I have not liked to disturb them. It seems a kind of sacrilege to the dead," he added; and the unbidden tears rushed to

his eyes.
"I can quite understand your feeling, and very well that his mother had not lived in vmpathise with it too." said Mr. Webber but I fear you will find that you must try and conquer your reluctance. Probably you are not aware that your mother was insured with us?" "No, indeed; I had not the faintest knowledge of that."

"Nevertheless it is true," said Mr. mother came to us in the summer of 1852 to propose an insurance on her own life. She explained to me, in confidence, her reasons. They were these. She was not a widow, as I might have supposed from her making her application in her own behalf. She was the wife of Dr. Jaquet, an eminent French specialist, who had been mixed up in the troubles of the times, and they had got separated. Her own fortune was seriously educed and she had no clew to the where abouts of her kusband. But, as she had reasons for thinking that he had ultimately effected his escape to England, and was probably then in London, she hoped to meet probably then in London, she hoped to meet him before long. Meanwhile she was anx-lous about her little boy—yourself, I pre-sume—fearing what might be his tate in the event of her death before her search suc-ceeded. I gave her some advice how to proceed in her main object, and the insur-ance was effected. I fancy you will find a will and when you do not a small. will, and when you do, come to me, and I will assist you to get the formalities com-

said the girl, "that one of them commissioners was passing, and I said, 'Here's the very man.' He came in, and Madame gave him the note, and told me afterward that she was expecting a fresh doctor to call. That is all." Would the girl know the commissionaire again? No, she would not know him. She might, but it wasn't pleted as quickly as possibly, so that your claim may be presented and met without Philippe, who was in a maze at this revekindness and retired. His mind was in a whirl as he returned to his desk. This conversation, which took place a week after his mother's funeral, and was the first business transacted by Mr. Webber after his re-turn from his summer holiday, was an im-portant epoch in Philippe Jaquet's life. It supplied him with the first inkling he ever had of the truth about his parentage. On this subject his mother had maintained an

almost unbroken silence.

Philippe's mind going back could recall very few passages in his early life out of which he could frame a consistent theory of family history. He could, of course, re-member vaguely his home in Paris; but he saw so little of his father in those days that his mind preserved no distinct recollection of his form and features, his disposition and character. He could recall a time of terror and alarm, of streets filled with smoke, and the sounds of fighting heard below and in the distance. He could remember his grandfather, M. Benoit, coming to stay in the Rue Castligione with them, and could recall, too, his death, which occurred soon afterward, and his mother's grief; after which all recollection of his father went completely from his mind.

ber of the few facts he knew concerning the visits of the mysterious stranger.

"Look here, my lad, said Mr. Webber kindly, "there may be more—or less—in this affair than you are inclined to think. In any case it is not a business that a young fellow can pull through for himself, especially in your agitated state of mind. Take a holiday by all means, and look into your mother's affairs carefully. If you want legal advice speak to me. At present you only require a shrewd, long-headed fellow, who can assist you in going through things, and who can hold his tongue. Doggett, our private enquiry agent, is your man, Then they came to England, and from this time all interest in the past seemed to leave him. But child-like, he could remember that he was curious to know when papa was coming back, and his mother's evasive re-plies rose before his mind now, as he sat plies rose before his mind now, as he sat thinking. Another vision presented itself of a time not very long ago, when the thought had occurred to him for the first time that he was not as other lads; that other boys had fathers living and spoke of them freely before their schoolfellows; that the only lad who was orphaned seemed to know all about the dead parent, while he, Philippe Jaquet, knew nothing whatever of his father, nor whether he lived or was dead. There was something to be learned; things, and who can hold his tongue. Doggett, our private enquiry agent, is your man, and it so happens that we can spare him. Will you have Doggett?"

Philippe warmly thanked Mr. Webber for his kindness, and accepted his offer to place Doggett's services at his disposal.

"Now one word more," said Mr. Webber.
"If you are going to have Doggett, trust him. You understand?—trust him. No sentiment, no secrets; work together, and if it is within human possibility, Doggett will solve your doubts or confirm them. Do you agree?" dead. There was something to be learned; something which his mother was keeping back. He determited to penetrate the secret if he could, and when he reached home he carried his trouble to her.

Never would he forget the effect produced

on his loving-hearted mother by his indis-creet curiosity. A spasm of pain con-torted her beautiful features, and bursting torted her beautiful features, and bursting into a sudden fit of weeping she exclaimed, "Your father was a gentleman, Philippe, and the very soul of honor. Wait until you hear his explanations. He will tell you himself some day the whole story of his sad, and life. Now ask me no more, and promise me they now will not refer to this the downer. into a sudden fit of weeping she exclaimed, "Your father was a gentleman, Philippe, and the very soul of honor. Wait until you hear his explanations. He will tell you himself some day the whole story of his and life."

promise me that you will not refer to this again until I speak."

Philippe gave the required promise readily, not only for the sake of the love he bore his mother, whom he regarded with a worship that was almost idolatry, but because Madame Jaquet had contrived, concars to help Mr. Jaquet. Now go with Mr.

refreshed.

"So bad as that, is it?" said Doggett, looking at Philippe with a penetrating glance. Then, linking his arm in Philippe's, he said: "You just come along with me, and I will give you such a beefsteak as you never had between your teeth before. You swells in the city don't know where good things are to be had. Glass and glitter, and nothing for your money, that's your style! We old fellows know a trick worth two of that."

Philippe resigned himself to be led away.

Philippe resigned himself to be led away by his new mentor and guide.
"Ever hear of the Peackock's Feather?" Doggett inquired.

Mr. Jaquet was compelled to acknowledge that he had never heard of the Peacock's

that he had never heard of the Peacock's Feather.

"No," I don't suppose you have," said Doggett, crowing over the young neophyte's ignorance of that famous hostelry. "Well, it ain't much to look at, ain't the Peacock—I don't mean the bird, but the place—but if you want to get a steak that would set an epicure's eyes starting out of his head as soon as the smell of it was under his nose, and if you want a steak washed down with a pint of good ale, not muddy and heavy, you know, but good ale that sharpens the wits and braces the spirits, then the Peacock is the place."

And so the detective went on, singing the And so the detective went on, singing the

And so the detective went on, singing the praises of his favorite inn, in simple warmth of feeling, seeking to rally the downcast heart of his companion.

"Here it is," said Doggett, as they reached a small tavern, with gramy exterior, jammed in amongst city warehouses. It was certainly not much to look at, as Mr. Doggett very justly remarked. "But what then?" he said, "you cannot have everything. Good food, clean cooking, good ale, and a private room afterward, what more can a man desire for the small sum of—well, you shall see?"

Doggett to his room," said Webber to Philippe, laying his hand affectionately on the young man's shoulder, "and tell him all you want to know."
"It's shoult lunch time," said Mr. Doggett, "but I will tell you what is the theory I have found. Your more had between your test before. You swells in all I will give you such a beefsteak as you need had. Glass and giltter, and I will give you such a beefsteak as you swells in the city don't know where good things are to be had. Glass and giltter, and noting for your money, that's your swells in the city don't know where good things are to be had. Glass and giltter, and noting for your money, that's your swells in the city don't know where good things are to be had. Glass and giltter, and noting for your money, that's your syle! We old fellows know a trick worth two of that."

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"I'men to suspect that my mother's life was practiced upon?"
"I'men to keep my suspicions to my-self," replied Doggett, but I will tell you what is the theory I have found. Your mother what is the city done and the may be able to tell us how she came by her death. More than that I do not say."

What lo you say? Shall we have a little lunch together before we begin?"

What do you say? Shall we have a little lunch together before we begin?"

What do you say? Shall we have a little lunch together before we begin?"

What is the low of the was the story that Madame Jaquet kepf from her son, and is may be the was larged the story that Madame Jaquet kepf from her son, and is my before we begin we discover the stranger we shall put our hands a story to tell fasting. What is the level to the head of the was the my the was a said of matter?" said Philippe can be head to the was the begin was very plain sailing, but he was larged the begin was very plain sailing, but he

"What is that?" asked Philippe excitedly.

"Keep your head cool and be as quiet as that hot French blood of your's will let you. This is likely to be a bigger affair than you think for."

It was an old-fashioned oak cabinet of good honest English make, such as must have belonged to an honest owner with no secrets to hide, that the two men stood be's fore in Madame Jaquet's apartment, for ll, in their search.

There was no confusion anywhere. Everything was systematically arranged, as if the owner had designed to facilitate examination became, ith necessary.

The first drawer that was opened contained

The question that Philippe had asked had occurred to him also when he brought forth the glove from its hiding place. It could belong to no other than to Madame's daily visitor. Why had such care been taken for its preservation? Because Madame valued it as a treasure for the sake of the owner. Whose glove was Madame likely to value unless her husband's? The detective was not given to sentiment, but he caught himself in the act of wondering how many times Madame Jaquet's lips had pressed that glove in a frenzy of passionate love and joy over the return of her husband.

Hastily thrusting the glove back into the drawer where he had drawn it, the detective proceeded to examine the contents of another drawer. Here he found a number of cuttings from French and English newspapers, carefully pasted on separate slips of

tion of her effects when examination became necessary.

The first drawer that was opened contained Madame Jaquet's will, her policy of insurance with the Universal, and the receipts for the premiums she had paid, all neatly tied up together. On the top of these was a letter addressed: For my dearest son, Philippe; to be opened at my death.

Philippe would have opened it immediately, but was arrested by a peremptory movement from the detective.

"Put that back where you found it," Doggett exclaimed. "We will open that last."

Doggett very justly remarked. "But what then?" he said, "you cannot have everything. Good food, clean cooking, good ale, and a private room afterward, what more can a man desire for the small sum of—well, you shall see?"

The cheery talk of the detective supplied Philippe with a piquant sauce that generated appetite, and when the juioy steak was placed before him, he submitted to the must introduce me as a near relative—your uncle, if you like—who is anxious to know particulars of Madame's last illness. I am an Englishman—John Brown—married your mother's sister—shocked to hear of the death—want to know all about it. There, you understand; set about it quickly and leave the rest to me."

Philippe snatched up his hat and was gone in an instant.



pangs of hunger and attacked with zest the

omely fare. "Now, Mary," said Doggett, when the meal was dispatched, addressing the wait-ress, a fresh-faced country lassie, who was, like himself, regardless of grammar, "me like himself, regardless of grammar, "me and my friend here want a chat. Which room can we have?"
"Number five is at liberty," said the

Abigail.
"Number five be it then. Now, if you "said Doggett." are ready come this way," said Doggett, taking his glass with him. The two men seated themselves in num-ber five, which, judging from its examples of art, in the shape of family portraits painted after the style of a sign-painter, Then it suddenly flashed across him that this stranger had not been seen at Cornwall road since the afternoon of the day on which Madame Jaquet died. That was nearly a fortnight since. The sudden cessation of these daily visits was full of suspicion, now that Philippe Jaquet had begun to meditate on matters. He knew that the stranger had not called in his absence, for the fact had been commented upon by the sharp-tongued young damsel who waited on Philippe, as she laid his breakfast that morning. Did the girl know his name? Philippe had asked. No, she did not know it. She knew that he was a doctor. Why? to be the family state room, only occupie by them on occasions of high festivity.

"Something about yourself, I presume?" said Doggett, proceeding to fill the enormous bowl of a portentious-looking meer-"Yes, it is a family matter," Philippe replied.
"Then start at the beginning, and reel it off. Everything, mind; omit nothing, whether you think it important or not." whether you think it important of not.

Philippe obeyed. He commenced with
his earliest recollections in Paris; then
sketched the life led by himself and his
mother down to the day of his death, in-

cluding the visits of the mysterious stran-ger, not forgetting the facts that he had learned for the first time from Mr. Webber Mr. Doggett sat for a long time reflectively puffing at his pipe, while Philippe remained toying nervously with his watch chain. Presently the detective spoke. d toying nervously with his watch Presently the detective spoke. "This is a very singular story," he said; "I should imagine there are very few young

men of your age and standing who have lived with their mothers all their lives and know less of their family history than you Philippe shrank back under the force of this remark, though the detective had not meant it as a taunt.
"There were reasons, no doubt," he

"Exactly, and you want to find out what those reasons were?"
"I am tired of being left in the dark, and left to think—I don't know what," Philippe

replied.
"I don't blame you, lad," said the detective, good naturedly; "and in your place I should feel the same. But now suppose—that your mother mind I only say suppose—that your mother carried some dark secret about with her, re-ferring to your father; that there was some disgrace which it has been her long life disgrace which it has been her long life effort to hide from you? Supposing that she had done this to spare you the pain of knowing it, would you still wish to lift the curtain? Now don't be in a hurry, take

time to think."

"If I could believe that my mothers's days were darkened by any disgraceful act of my father's, which she, his wife, deemed too shameful to tell her own son, I would never rest until I had hunted him down and brought him to a strict account," was the fierce reply.

Mr. Doggett sat still, patiently smoking, his placid face betraying no sign that he was moved by these heroics.

"You did not know my mother," Philippe

resumed, after a pause. "My mother was an angel, and the bare suggestion that she was made to suffer from my father's fault, or crime, if it were crime, is enough to decide me, her son, to say that, with help or without it, I will probe this mystery to the ttom, and then-"
"Well, what then?" asked Doggett, as Philippe paused in the stormy flow eloquence.
Then, if I find my mother wronged, I

"Then, if I find my mother wronged, I will act as becomes the son of such a mother ought to act."
"Cost what it may?" asked Doggett.
"Though it wrecked my peace of mind forever!" was the stern reply.
"Very well, then," said Doggett, "we have to fill in the gaps of this tamily history, to begin with. That is so, isn't it?"
Philippe gloomily bowed his head in assent.

mother died a natural death or not."
"What?" cried Philippe. "You do no

kindly. "Do you think I cannot guess how that handwriting must affect you? All the same, it might have lain there till the crack of doom and you no wiser, if you had kept your resolution not to meddle with your nother's papers. Now that you are wiser, just leave it where you found it till we have finished."

Felix Jaquet and Claire Benoit; also the papers establishing Philippe's birth as the issue of such union. The documents were in French, and The documents were in French, and though Mr. Doggett had picked up a smattering of the French anguage, sufficient to enable him to detect the character of the papers when he found them, and to decipher a phrase here and there, he handed them over to Philippe for translation.

"Just make a fair copy of them in English for me," he said, "while I look a little further."

The pext drawer opened was filled with

The next drawer opened was filled with letters neatly tied in bundles. The detective took up the first bundle that came to hand and examined it. There was a neat label attached containing something written in French which he could only unravel with difficulty. There was a number written— 1852—from which Doggett concluded that the letters which were in English related to that year. He began to read them slowly, one by one, penciling down a note here and there. When Philippe had completed the fair copy of the particulars relating to his parents' marriage and his own birth in English, Doggett had made an important

"Here are some letters written to Madame by a firm of private inquiry agents. Many of them are mere demands for money, ac-knowledgements of moneys received, or complaints that, unless their employer is prepared to bleed more freely, satisfactory results cannot be obtained. But there are

results cannot be obtained. But there are one or two facts to be gleaned which perhaps you will put down."

Philippe resumed his place at the table, where he had been writing, and began to write again at the detective's dictation. "Item: M. Felix Jaquet left home at No. 43 Rue Castiglione, to visit his patients on the morning of the 30th of November 1931, letter in the dex sent ber, 1851; later in the day sent a message that he was detained; did not return, and since then no communication has been re-

"Item: M. Jaquet visited his last patient at 4 o'clock the same afternoon or foot, after which he took out passports for himself and wife. No further particulars of his movements ascertained. "Item: On the 30th November Mdlle. St.

"Item: On the 30th November Mille. St. Hillsire, of the Opera Comique, failed to keep her appointment at the theater, and has not since been heard of. Left a number of unpaid debts behind her. Questions raised whether the lady was known to Madame? And written across the letter in Madame's handwriting: Non! il n'est pas "Item: Inquiry raised whether Madam

has any drawing or picture of her husband? Answer written across: Non! "Item: Diligent search has been made among the Frenchmen who haunt Liecester square, and the names of members of an Orleanist club ransacked without result. Hotel books searched from December 1 to May 1 with the same disappointment. No Dr. Jaquet in London. Further instructions and more money wanted. Answer written across: Je desespoir."

"Do you think these fellows are to be trusted," inquired Philippe, alluding to the inquired Philippe, alluding to

the inquiry agents.
"They are leeches and won't work with-"They are leeches and won't work without money, and a good deal of it too," Doggett drily answered. "There is one thing, however, worth noting. They would not say that all hotel books had been searched between those two periods if they hadn't made would have been injurious?"

"Then I may take it that any narcotic would have been injurious?"
"Most unquestionably injurious. But to what and are you putting these questions?" time. A stranger in his position would naturally make for an hotel the first thing, and there is no probable reason for conceal-ment of name."

tries it contained were very brief, compared with some of the earlier notes. The French puzzled him greatly, but he stumbled on a word here and there which caused his eyes o scintillate with dangerous light.

At that he moment he heard the sound of At that he moment he heard the sound of footsteps ascending the stone steps outside, and the elick of the lock in the deor as Philippe opened it with his latchkey. Mr. Doggett had barely time to secrete the last volume that had been left unfinished by Madame Jaquet on his person, when Philippe entered with Dr. Crosby.

Philippe played the role assigned to him with admirable skill, and introduced the detective as his uncle, the husband of his mother's sister, who had lately returned from abroad and wished to hear details of Madame Jaquet's illness at first hand. He The contents of another drawer were turned out and found to contain the docu-ments necessary to establish the marriage of

Madame Jaquet's illness at first hand. He placed a decanter on the table and invited the doctor to help himself, which the doctor was nothing loth to do. Mr. Doggett as-sumed an air of deep dejection, and as soon as the doctor had mixed his grog assumed an attitude of attention.
"I was called to Madame Jaquet, in what

whereabouts. The find was of the utmost importance to his search. He laid the vol-

papers, carefully pasted on separate slips of paper, with penciled notes written on the margin. These he proceeded to examine with care, and after remaining absorbed in

this employment for some time he suddenly

looked up.
"Does Dr. Crosby live far away?" he

"About five minutes walk off," Philippe

"Get him here if you can. I want to ask him one or two questions which are better asked now than later. If he comes, you

I regret to say has proved her last illness," the doctor began to explain, "last May. At first I thought she was suffering from diseased heart—the symptoms pointed that way—but a later examination convinced me that the heart, though excessively weak, was organically sound. I arrived at the conclu-sion that Madame had suffered from some shock or other."
"Of joy or sorrow?" the detective inquired, modulating his tone to one of com-

onplace inquiry.
"That I could not say. Joy probably, for her expression was one of calm generally. Occasionally I found her excited, but not unpleasantly so. It was not altogether favorable to her in her weak state, and while seeking to calm her nervous system I em-ployed such remedies as were calculated to strengthen the heart's action. The treat-ment I followed, Madame gave me to un-derstand, was approved by an eminent French doctor, an old triend of former days, who was in England, and occasionally visit-

"A relative, you mean," said Doggett, again interrupting him in the narrative; "not a friend." "Madame said he was a friend," answered

Dr. Crosby. "Ah, well, it does not much matter," said Doggett, "I know him."

"We made very slow progress up to the day of her death; still we made progress, but the heat of the summer tried her excessively. There was always danger that the heart might give way, though there was no positive disease. And that is what hap-pened. She must have tried her strength too much, then fallen asleep through pure exhaustion, and the debilitated heart, unable to reassert itself, collapsed. That is the whole case in a nutshell." "Would you say that small doses of chloral administered to her in that state would be beneficial or injurious," Mr.

Doggett asked.
"Decidedly injurious."
"Mind, I do not mean a poisonous dose;
but a dose to allay excitement."
"I would not have given Madame Jaquet a dose of chloral, large or small, in any case," Dr. Crosby returned with emphasis.
"Supposing that you had been compelled to perform an operation upon her, would she have been a good subject for chloroform?" "Madame Jaquet's strength would not have

permitted any operation of a serious character being attempted."
"But the use of chloroform?" Doggett

what end are you putting these questions?"
Dr. Crosby inquired, naturally becoming suspicious under a leading examination that seemed to him to cast doubts on his

ment of name."

"What is this?" cried Doggett, as he opened another drawer and brought forth a man's glove, nearly new, and of the latest many state as your answers to my questions describe."

"You would not have said that it was a good thing that she was sleeping so nicely, and that it would be better for her to have her sleep out." "Certainly not; such sleep, produced by exhaustion, was always open to the risk of syncope occurring."
"I presume you have met my brother-in-

Your brother-in-law? I do not under-"The gentleman whom Madame Jaquet "Oh, dear, no! My visitato Madame Jaquet were invariably paid in the morning. The gentleman called in the afternoon, so I have

"I am greatly obliged to you for your explanations. They have satisfied my mind that nothing but your presence at the critical moment could have saved my dear relative's life."

relative's life."

"I wish it had so happened that I had called that afternoon. The result might have been different."

"I presume," Doggett inquired, after a panse, "that this syncope which you seem to have apprehended was the only danger?"

"Well, no! scarcely that. With the continuance of functional disorder there was also the risk of organic changes being set up."

"Still, no organic changes had appeared?"

uncle, if you like—who is anxious to know particulars of Madame's last illness. I am an Englishman—John Brown—married your mother's sister—shocked to hear of the death—want to know all about it. There, you understand; set about it quickly and leave the rest to me."

Philippe snatched up his hat snd was gone in an instant.

"There," said Doggett to himself, as he heard the door bang behind the messenger, "I am glad to get rid of him. He would have seen it in my face in another moment. What do I find? Here, among these cuttings from old French and English newspapers containing accounts of the coup d'etat, is a scrap from a London newspaper-not six weeks old—with an account of an extremely clever operation performed at St. George's Hospital by the celebrated Dr. Jaquet, of Harley street, extracted from the Lancet, and underneath in Madame's writing: 'My clever Felix!"

Mr. Doggett folded up the paper and calmly transferred it to his pooketbook. "It won't do for that young man to see this—not just yet," he murmured softly to himself. He would want to pay Dr. Jaquet a visit immediately. I wonder what else there is nointing in the same direction?" And forthwith he buried his head once more in the cabinet and began to search.

Presently he drew forth four small manuscript volumes written in a small delicate hand. The ink in the earlier volumes was faded, but a brief glance at their contents was sufficient to convince the detective that what he held in his hands was nothing less

hand. The ink in the earlier volumes was taded, but a brief glance at their contents was sufficient to convince the detective that what he held in his hands was nothing less than a carefully written account of Dr. Jaquet's disappearance, and Madame Jaquet's conjectures upon it, including diverting Philippe's attention from the subjust then. "Here is a diary kept by your mother. One volume seems to be missing, and that perhaps the most important one of all; it is the latest, which might shed light nmes down, and took up the latest volume of the four. He noticed that the last enon her mysterious visitor. I will take these three with me if you will permit me, and when you find the other you can let me have that, too."
The crafty old fox, who had the missing

volume in his pocket, was determined to es-cape without making any disclosure; but it was not to be.

was not to be.

"Look here," Philippe exclaimed, "you are not treating me quite fairly. Remember what a deep interest I have at stake in all this. If you do not speak I shall only conclude that my mother was unfairly dealt with; murdered, in fact."

The detective was fairly driven to bay by the force of this appeal which he did not see his way to evade. After taking time to think this is what he said:

"Now listen. Your mother may have

"Now listen. Your mother may have had an entertaining guest who did not leave her until he saw that his talk exhausted her. Finding her inclined for sleep, he left her, unconscious of having worked any real harm, and without having intended to do her an injury. In the teach has her here her an injury. In that case he has been careless and thoughtless, and your mother's life has paid the penalty. Do you follow

"But this entertaining visitor is a physician of some eminence, and not less acquainted with the character of your mother's malady than that fellow who has just gone out. He leaves a message that she is inclined to sleep and must not be disturbed. In that sleep she dies. Moral: Culpable carelessness on his part. May it be more? Yes, if we could find him and show that he had something to gain by her death. In that case he might prove to have been more than an entertaining guest; a dangerous visitor, in fact. Do not ask me how? That is his secret. There are a dozen ways in which an experienced hand might hasten the end without much risk of discovery. He

the end without much risk of discovery. He might never have laid a finger upon her. He might frighten her by violent and grotesque gesticulations; set her heart thumping and keep up the game until she sank back exhausted, and so died."

"But chloroform," said Philippe.

"Did you perceive any smell when you entered the room?"

"Not the faintest."

"How was the window—open or shut?"
"It was left open to admit the air. The weather was hot."
"In that case chloroform was not impossible; but until we find the man conjecture is

the house who has seen him. I leave that to you. We must trace him out. And now good night. I shall not be able to see

now good night. I shall not be able to see you to-morrow, perhaps not the next day, but you will have plenty to do."

Doggett drew a sigh of relief as he turned out of Cornwall road, and the cool evening air blew on his face. He was glad to escape the importunity of Philippe's questioning, knowing that he held the clew to the secret sorrow of Madame Jaquet's life and the too probable cause of her death.

That newspaper cutting recording the and the too probable cause of her death.

That newspaper cutting, recording the clever operation performed a few weeks ago by Dr. Jaquet, with its admiring annotation, told him that Madame Jaquet's husband was to be found in Harley street. The latest volume of Madame Jaquet's diary he had only had time to eatch a brief glimpse of. But it was in his pocket, and he knew that a further neguraintance with its con-

of. But it was in his pocket, and he knew that a further acquaintance with its contents gould only tell him what he slready knew; that the name of Madame Jaquet's frequent visitor was Dr. Felix Jaquet, the father of her boy, and the direct or indirect cause of her death. How could he face the lad and tell him that his mother was murdered, and that the man who had done this deed was his own long-lost father, the mystery surrounding whose fate he was seeking to unrayel?

f To be concluded next Saturday.

GAIL HAMILTON contributes to to-morrow's DISPATCH an article defending the truth of the incarna-tion of Christ, and making a scathing attack

to unravel?

LATE NEWS IN BRIEF.

-The President has appointed Joel I Erhardt to be Collector of Customs at New York,

-The President has appointed Cornelius Van Cott, of New York, to be postmaster a New York. -The record and findings of the Lydecker court martial will be sent to the Secretary of War to day. -C. R. Faulkner, of Indiana, chief of the record division of the Pension Office, has re-signed by request.

—Schuyler Buryee, of Virginia, has been ap-pointed chief clerk of the Patent Office, vice Lipscomb, resigned. Lipscomb, resigned.

The test of the pneumatic gun carriage, which was to have taken place at Annapolis yesterday, has been postponed.

Secretary Tracy has gone from Washington to New York to attend the funeral of Judge McCue. It is his intention to inspect the Philadelphia (League Island) navy yards while way.

The records of the retiring boards in the cases of Paymasters J. B. Carmedy and F. N. Hinman and Passed Assistant Surgeon A. C. Heffenger have been sout to the President for his action.

his action."

—The firm of Daniel H. Downs and Cornelius M. Finch, doing business under the name of Downs & Finch, shirt manufacturers, New York City, made an assignment yesterday to Theodoro Miller, without preferences.

—The Major General commanding the army has decided to recommend to the Secretary of War that Major George A. Armes, retired, be tried by court martial on charges based on his conduct on inauguration day and his assault upon Governor Beaver.

—The American commissioners to the Sa-

—The American commissioners to the Samoan conference have engaged passage for Europe on the Umbria, which sails from New York on the 18th. Meanwhile they are frequently at the Department of State consulting with the officials and studying the protocols of the last conference.

the last conference.

—L. Q. C. Lamar, Jr., chief of the stationery division of the Interior Department, has resigned to engage in private business. Mr. Lamar's resignation was unsolicited. He was regarded as an efficient officer. Mr. William R. Lapham, of New York, has been appointed acting chief of the same division.

—Upon the assembling of the Connecticut Senate yesterday, Governor Buikley sent in a veto of the resolution passed by both branches of the General Assembly commuting the death sentence of John H. Swift. The Senate passed the commutation resolution over the Governor's veto by a vote of 12 to 8.

—Representative Ryan, of the Fourth Con-

ernor's vete by a vote of 12 to 8.

—Representative Ryau, of the Fourth Congressional district of Kansas, has sent a letter to General Clarke, Clerk of the House of Representatives, to the effect that he has tendered his resignation to the Governor of Kansas as a member of Congress, Mr. Ryan was nominated by the President as minister to Mexico.

—A general order has been issued by President Cable, of the Rock Island Railroad, announcing that the Chicago, Kansas and Nebraska Railway, in Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado and Indian Territory, is a part of its own like. Heretofore the latter, while virtually a part of the Rock Island system, was under a separate management.

management.

The funeral of the late Alexander McCue, ex-Judge and ex-Sub Treasurer of the United States at New York City, took place in Brocklyn yesterday. The services were at St.Peter's R. C. Church, and were attended by representative, men in every walk of life. One of the pallbearers was General Benjamin F. Tracy, Secretary of the United States Navy.

Tracy, Secretary of the United States Navy.

—James W. Romeyn, Counsel at Valparaiso, in reporting to the Department of State upon the trade and commerce of Chill, comments upon the fact that while the imports into Chill in 1887 amounted to \$48,630,000, but \$3,200,000 came from the United States, and that while 15,000 vessels entered, and cleared at Chilian ports, the American flag waved over only 221 of them.

them.

The story told in a dispatch from Newark, O., of the arrest of two foreigners who "confessed" that they had been hired to poison a woman named Luvin, in Forty-first street, New York City, has been investigated by the police, who pronounce it a lie from beginning to end. It is thought that the two foreigners want a free passage to New York and had taken this means to obtain it.

cars running yesterday. The strikers are quiet. The barn men, about 160 in all, joined the strikers yesterday morning. Thursday night two turntables on the outskirts of the city were stolen and obstructions placed on the tracks in many places. The strikers claim that the roughs did the work.

The cruiser Atlanta, now at Aspinwall, has been ordered by telegraph to New York. Al-though subject to future emergencies, it is the present intention to send the Yorktown to New York on the 20th, so that the latest efforts at naval construction may be seen at the centen nial celebration. She has been formally accepted from the contractors, subject to the special reservations of money on account of work yet to be done.

-The three strikes in Buffalo are still on, and

The three strikes in Buffalo are still on, and there is no material change in the situation. In those of the painters and carpenters and joiners both aides remain firm. The strike of Eric Railway switchmen does not hamper operations of the road to any extent. One striker is under arrest for trying to force a new man to quit work. Another passenger train was deralled last night and an attempt made to burn a box car. The strikers emphatically deny the charge of being connected with either outrage.

There is considerable excitement over the reported discovery of silver on the farm of Peter Kearon, six miles north of Fort Dodge, Iowa. The find was made by a well digger at the depth of 110 feet. The vein is \$4 inches thick. Jewelers pronounce the quartz richer than any ever examined by them. Several pieces have been sent to a Chicago assayer for examination, and if his report confirms the one made by local jewelers the find will prove a rich one, and can be worked in paying quantities.

The German corrects Scophic which sailed.

quantities.

—The German corvette Sophie, which sailed from Zanzibar yesterday for Samoa, is another fine ship, superior to either the Richmond, Adams or Alert, which will constitute the American squadrou at Samoa. She is of composite type, It knots speed, 2,200 toos burden, carries eight 6-inch and two 3½-inch rifles and four machine guns, with a torpedo outfit, and uses forced draft, which engineer experts think contributed inreply to the escape of the English war vessel Calliope, as it enabled her to get up steam in a short time.

—The very hetween the temperature resolute.

get up steam in a short time.

—The war between the temperance people at River Falls, Wis, and the saloon keepers has taken a new turn. A saloon keeper named Drukee has had arrested, on a charge of false imprisonment, the Rev. James Evans, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church; the Rev. J. Whitelaw, pastor of the Congregational Church; Dr. T. W. Ashler, Mr. Stahl, G. J. Roberts and Charles Hanson. The first five men signed an indictment against Drukee some time ago. Drukee was beaten in the Justice Court, but appealed the case. In the higher court the case was dismissed on a technicality, Now Drukee prosecutes the party for false imprisonment.

DIAMOND THIEVES, and the pecu-inal methods adopted by them in the South Af-rican fields to enable them to purtoin gems, is the subject of an article in to-morrow's Dis-

Dealers Laughed at Us.

Dealers Langhed at Us.

When we said last year that people had common sense enough to call at a place of business to buy a sewing machine and not be annoyed by persistent peddlers. People are wise in this generation and know a good thing when they see it. Now, when a peddler calls and persists in "just leaving his machine over night" he is met with "be off with you; will call at Hopper Bros. & Co., and get a sewing machine when we need it and not before." Very sensible people indeed! Dear reader, don't forget our place of business is 307 Wood street. TTSSu

Fine and varied assortment of lace curtains, portier curtains, furniture goods, poles, etc. Elegant styles in Madras and silk curtains below cost. Call soon to secure choice patterns. Entire stock must be sold in next 15 days, to vacate store H. HOLTZMAN & SONS,

Full regular made imported hose, 10c, 1234c, 15c, 18c, 20c, 22c, 25c; fast black onyx, 22c, at Resenbaum & Co.'s.

Raster Creams, Easter Creams Just new. One of the daintiest and best cakes made. Try a pound.

These S. S. Marvin & Co.

GENT'S new neckwear, light underwea 100 dez. balbriggan hose, 16e up, at Rose baum & Co.'s.

THE favorite for restoring life and colo to the hair is Parker's Hair Balsam.